

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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NOTES.

Not office-seekers, but office-seeking, was the strong drink that maddened the brain of Guiteau. The one million men whose unanswered petitions for office are on file in the office of the Secretary of State are his fellow sufferers. Would that they might take warning and reform.

Peter ought to be the patron saint during vacation days, for it was he who, in a period of depression, said to his fellows, "I am going fishing, and they said to him, we also will go with thee." Doubtless they were all of them more successful fishers of men for having taken that outing on the lake. Let his disciples go and do likewise.

Fifty-six years is a short line in the history of the material universe, but it becomes a long one measured by human experience and moral progress. This we realize by reading in the *Friends' Intelligencer*, of the 2nd inst., an account of Frederick Douglass' recent visit to the old home in Maryland, from which he escaped as a fugitive slave fifty-six years ago. The great grandson of his former owner welcomed the honored guest to the hospitality of the mansion, and plucked for him a bouquet of flowers from the grave of his old mas-

ter. Surely some great things have come to pass within the last half century, and we suppose such great things have been passing in some section of the human field in every half century since man began. "The world does move, after all."

Were the earth to dive into the tail of the comet that has sprung upon us with its unexpected glory, it would be, we are told, "as a cannon ball passing through a mass of thistle-down." If this glorious blaze is obtained by such relative thinness, the heart discouraged and despondent because it is so small and useless should take courage, and be content with the thought that it can be an atom of spiritual star-dust, helping to illuminate the moral heavens.

One disordered life lawlessly seeking to take the life of the President, millions of people standing aghast at the deed; two continents tearfully forgetting their industries and their differences as they breathlessly await the result of the bullet:—thus stands the moral equation as made out by the intense experience through which we have just passed. The would-be assassin, in spite of himself, grandly vindicated the nobility of human nature and the unity of the Nation. "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him."

We are glad to have Rev. J. C. Kimball testify to the efficacy of the non-churchly church building which his society have erected at Hartford, Conn., this last year. It is built in such a way that it may be used during the week days for secular purposes, giving a platform and a stage as well as a pulpit, thus doing away with big pew rents. He says the departure from the old traditional architecture has not involved any sacrifice of churchly feeling or of the worship sentiment. UNITY responds, "I told you so."

Dr. Eliot, Chancellor of the Washington University, at St. Louis, in a recent communication to *The Republican*, of that city, gives the source of the prizes offered at Portland, Oregon, at St. Louis and at Boston to the High School scholars for the best essays bearing upon American history. \$5,000 was left in his hands by a Boston lady, last year, as the beginning of a fund for the establishment of a "School of American History." The income from this fund, with some slight additions, has been expended in making this start to-

wards a more rational patriotism. This intelligent training of the school children is the only effective antidote to partisanship and demagogism.

Our neighbor, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, does not like "a flexible theological conscience" any more than we do. He says: "A flexible conscience, theological or not, is very dangerous, more to be dreaded than small-pox or cholera. The old Puritan might be broken, but would not bend one jot or tittle from what his conscience commanded. That moral inflexibility was the glory and strength of Puritanism. We want it to-day, right here in Chicago, at the counter and communion table, at the railroad office and in the pulpit. We want the Puritan conscience with the tender charity and the broad free thought of which we boast overmuch sometimes. A man 'with a most flexible theological conscience' is smitten with moral leprosy and should cry: Unclean, unclean! as he walks the streets."

Since our last issue two familiar and beloved names have been stricken from the list of the Unitarian ministry of America by death. George W. Hosmer, D.D., the venerable patriarch, a father in both the Western and the Eastern Israel. He was for thirty years a pastor of the Unitarian parish at Buffalo, at a time when it was one of the Western outposts of Unitarianism, and subsequently he was President of Antioch College for several years; for a long time Professor of Pastoral Care in the Meadville Theological School, his own example and success in this matter giving to the students more suggestive instruction than even his fatherly and wise words could.

Richard Metcalf, pastor of the Unitarian churches at Detroit, Meadville and Winchester successively, a modest, earnest man, a strong soul poorly housed, making a cheerful sufferer. His printed word, in a little volume entitled "Letter and Spirit," is perhaps the best doctrinal exposition obtainable of the average Unitarianism of his generation. A subsequent generation may revise and enlarge the Letter of the Unitarianism he so earnestly loved, but we trust that his patient cheerfulness and kindling enthusiasm will always remain the Spirit of Unitarianism.

The Critic puts much sound sense in an editorial entitled "Bricks vs. Brains," in which it deprecates the rich man's practice of founding a college by spending three-fourths of his endowment in brick and mortar and in beautifying the grounds, then entrusting the whole to a Board of Trustees, whose chief qualifications lie in the fact that they are wealthy men, and consequently they may give some more money some day. The college is thus

fairly started under the policy of great generosity in matters of brick and mortar and great parsimony in matters of brain. The faculty is made up, largely, of superannuated preachers and men who are glad to "make a living" of any kind. All this insures, as *The Critic* well says, "not the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the cheapest professor." We are reminded in this article that "great universities have existed for centuries and become world-renowned, without owning a building. The University of Jena won fame while its professors taught in hired halls scattered about the city." There is something in this that applies to churches as well as colleges, ministers as well as professors.

THE IMPURITIES OF THE TONGUE.

More besetting than the tobacco vice are the immoralities of speech among our boys. The ribald joke, the obscene story, the thoughtless oath, the profane jest, that fall in corrupting showers from masculine lips, are to the soul as grease spots upon the immaculate satin of a lady's dress. They leave stains that at first are scarcely perceptible, but in the sunlight become very plain and in course of time accumulate much dust. Impure thoughts, like angry feelings, are but half formed until shaped in words. They are scarcely recorded upon the tablets of the soul until they are phrased, but once breathed into air they become embodied witnesses against the soul, so unattractive that it undertakes to conceal their presence by multiplying their number. "Might as well say it as think it" is a false maxim, for in the saying the thinking is deepened. By impure speech the imagination is fed until it becomes strong enough to prompt impure action. Strong language is necessary to express strong feeling, but intensity of speech is never reckless of its phraseology or flippant in its emphasis. Thoughtless allusions to sacred verities strike the eye of the soul with a spiritual blindness, as the reckless looking into the face of the sun brings physical blindness. The first impulse to use profanely words loaded with sacred associations is generally one of cowardice. The boy swears to prove his manliness; this grows into a habit so strong that an imbecile will fail to resist it. That alone is the true standard of manly purity that allows the lips to shape no phrases that will bring a blush to the cheek when uttered in the presence of sister, wife or mother. There is an inseparable connection between pure thought and pure language, between nobleness and clean speech.

The less indulgence one has for one's self the more one may have for others.—*Chinese Maxim.*

Great deeds are great legacies, which work with wondrous usury.—*Smiles.*

SUMMER CHARITIES.

Not all of the miseries of the poor are crowded into the winter. In this latitude of extreme temperatures the torrid heat of July and August brings its pains and its dangers to the poor and the sick, who are packed away in the over-crowded tenements of a great city, that are scarcely second to those which are incident to the frigid cold of January. The soul famishes for a sight of green fields, for the fragrance of flowers, as our readers, immersed in the radiance of the out-of-door life of the country, can scarcely understand. A touching charity is that of the Flower Mission, because it seeks to administer to this higher hunger of the city-imprisoned poor,—a most helpful and safe charity it is, because it carries cheer, sympathy and strength without any possible encouragement of a humiliating dependency or indolent expectancy. A recent visit to this Mission on its working day, at the Athenæum in this city, brought all this vividly to our mind. We wish all the country readers of UNITY could make this visit on any Wednesday, see the dozen ladies busily at work in arranging into small nosegays the fresh wild flowers, taken from a score or so of baskets which have been sent in from as many towns or country homes that morning. From four to five hundred bouquets are made each week, and are distributed by the hands of the ladies themselves. The sick in the hospitals are first remembered, then the bed-ridden among the poor, after that, if any remain, the sewing and factory girls in the large establishments of the city, while the broken buds, the fragrant leaves, that cannot be otherwise used, are distributed among the children in the more desolate quarters of the city, where they are eagerly seized with a pitying clamor for more. These flowers are always thankfully received and tenderly kept, one bouquet frequently holding its place until its successor arrives a week later. This Mission in Chicago, like its companions in other cities, has quietly and silently grown out of what seemed to be a passing bit of sentiment into a solid, sensible and persistent institution, representing the consecration that comes from seven years of experience and discipline. The mission at the present time represents three distinct activities, viz.:—the Distribution of Flowers, Carriage Rides for Invalids and the Country Home for Invalids. The first we have already spoken of, and is maintained almost entirely by contributions sent in from the country, the Express Co. carrying the packages free,—packages being received from points a hundred or more miles distant sometimes,—indeed, last year's report acknowledges fourteen boxes of flowers and ferns from Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Not a few Sunday Schools are among the regular contributors. This branch also distributes such reading matter as is

wise,—the standard magazines to adults, picture books, and illustrated papers to the children. During our visit last week we saw a beautiful picture scrap-book, made by a bed-ridden boy nine years old, which was to go to the little sick children in the Alexian hospital. The second branch of its activity is maintained by donations received from gentlemen and the funds accumulated from their membership fees, the payment of fifty cents constituting a gentleman an annual member. So far as the funds will permit, invalids are given short carriage rides under the direction of physicians. The third activity is dependent upon the benevolence of those blessed with country homes, who are willing to receive into their family, for a week or more, some city invalid, particularly some of the pathetic incurables, thus brightening their lives of pain with a bit of freshness, a restful change. We have written all this for a purpose, hoping that it may induce some more of the Sunday Schools that belong to our Unity circle to become regular flower contributors. There never has been enough, there never can be too many, flowers in this city. But most of all have we hoped that the UNITY readers who are blessed with much out of doors, a spare room, plenty of fresh milk and eggs, will be moved to place such at the disposition of the Committee on Country Week for at least one week. The Committee consists of ladies of admirable sense and practical experience. We can assure our readers that any such generosity will not be abused. All expenses of transportation, etc., will be met by the Committee. They only ask that you join with them in their efforts in making a little less wretched the life of some suffering and deserving brother or sister. Any communications concerning this matter may be addressed to the Chairman of the Committee, Mrs. C. H. S. MIXER, 1931 Indiana Ave.

A SERMON IN CHALK.

The preacher appeared among us, announced in the daily papers as "the great evangelist." Not only this, but in deference probably to the average American's admiration of things "imported," we were given to understand that he was the great "Irish" evangelist. He was, moreover, an artist-evangelist. The crayon was his gesture, and more than half his speech. The meetings were held in a temporarily vacant store on one of the street-corners, and these "sermons in chalk" were hung up in the large windows for the warning and instruction of the passers-by. The drawings had been sketched off-hand in connection with the spoken exhortation. One of these sermons was so unique, both in conception and execution, that a description of it may be interesting. A sheet of brown wrapping paper, nearly four feet square, served as ground-work for the scene. From the

left-hand side and near the top there was drawn a downward line, representing a hill-side, and ending two-thirds across the sheet in a sheer precipice. Upon this incline was pictured a globe, some fifteen inches in diameter, representing our earth. In clear outline on the hither side lay North and South America. But this was doubtless for bringing the lesson home more closely, and not that we were sinners above the people on the artist's own side. The globe was disproportionately large as compared with the length of the incline, and suggested what also the preacher's theology seemed to confirm, that the "world" was not given a "fair start." Just on the edge of the precipice, and leaning in the opposite direction, was planted a small cross, which had stayed the globe in its downward roll, and was holding it from the abyss below. Thus far the picture was quite simple, a monochrome in fact. The slope was as barren as a Dead-sea shore. But this was evidence of the artist's genius, which now had the opportunity for grand and brilliant effects in his treatment of the abyss below. Here he revelled in color. Blue, green, red and white crayons had crossed and re-crossed and shot up tongues of lurid fire. Irenæus might have said that four colors were used, and no more, because there are four gospels; and, indeed, in the absence of other suggestions of the "good-news" once brought to men, it would be pleasant to fasten upon one so remote as this. Impressive as the whole picture was, however, we could not help feeling that the introduction of figures would have added greatly to the effect. There was a certain vagueness in it all, as is too apt to be the case in spoken sermons. Indeed, it was liable to an interpretation favoring Universalist doctrines, since all upon the globe were alike saved from the fires that were burning below. Remarkable as it was for our own age, the picture was yet lacking in that realism which characterized the painter-preachers of the ages before us. With all its merits—and they were many—both in conception and execution, our "great Irish evangelist" could have borrowed valuable suggestions from the letter of the Jesuit father, as quoted by Mr. Parkman in his *History of the Jesuits in North America*: "I wanted some pictures of hell and souls in perdition, and a few were sent on paper; but they are too confused. The devils and the men are so mixed up that one can make nothing out without particular attention. If three, four or five devils were painted tormenting a soul with different punishments—one applying fire, another serpents, another tearing him with pincers, and another holding him fast with a chain—this would have a good effect, especially if everything were made distinct, and misery, rage, and desperation appeared plainly in his face."

F. L. H.

Life is made up of trifles.

Contributed Articles.

SUNSET AFTER STORM.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

"A little later, the whole atmosphere is full of golden mist, and the gates of Eden seem open in the West."

John James Pratt, in "Pencilled Fly-Leaves."

The air is full of golden mist,
And the gates of Eden open swing,
Where slanting sunbeams there in the West
Make a Jacob's ladder to which may cling
The soul of mortal that dares to climb
To Eternity from Time.

"Whether out of the spirit or in,
I know not," but in an hour like this
Surely it was, St. John the Divine
Beheld that wonderful vision of his,
Of a city which hath no need of the sun
Since the Presence and light are one.

Sard and sapphire and chalcedon,—
See them piling up there in the West,
The broad foundations, stone upon stone—
Topaz and beryl and amethyst;
Up this golden stair, did we dare to go,
We should reach the city, I know.

Soul of mine, why hunger and wait?
There—is no sorrow of death, no night.
The light is fading. Too late! too late!
The radiant vision is veiled from sight.
But—We shall climb that stair at last
When the storm of life is past.

BELIEF IN GOD.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

The above is the title of Mr. Savage's latest and, in the opinion of his numerous readers and admirers, best work. To those minds seriously concerned about the future of religion, and the effect of modern scientific investigation on the religious hopes and beliefs of mankind, this little volume of eight sermons will be a most timely production. Already there has arisen a small, but eminently respectable, class of religionists in our midst who have been quick to foresee and respond to the demand for a new and more rational interpretation of the terms "religion" and "religious truth," and to whom the "conflict between science and religion" has long since become a meaningless phrase. They frankly avow their distrust of all other methods of religious search and inquiry than the purely experimental or scientific; and look to see the preservation effected of religion on no other basis than that afforded by experience and its demonstrated utility and helpfulness to men. This is a bold position to assume, but that it is the only rational and practical one is daily becoming more apparent to all thinking men and women. Mr. Savage is one of the most conspicuous,

as he is one of the most able, leaders in this new movement. As an ardent and unflinching disciple of the evolution philosophy, as taught in the writings of Herbert Spencer, the position of the author of "Belief in God" is well understood. His place and work are peculiarly his own, and there can be no doubt that the utterances of Boston Unity pulpit serve to meet, in their degree, one of the most pressing needs of our doubt-ridden, questioning times.

In the introductory discourse Mr. Savage discusses the "origin and development of the idea of God," tracing the idea from the lowly origin of dreams and ancestor worship up through the stages of fetishism and the various forms of polytheism to our present monotheistic and more spiritualized conceptions. In the second chapter he attempts an answer to the question, "Does God exist?" The exceeding difficulty of this portion of his subject will serve as an excuse for whatever inaccuracies of speech or trifling illogicalities of thought the author seems to fall into in his careful discussion of it. Mortal language seems framed to completely obscure and misrepresent our thought on such themes, perhaps as a warning against too frequent and easy discussion of them, and Mr. Savage suffers the usual embarrassment of one who tries to compress a new and growing thought within the dimensions of old and set terms. To the cruder apprehension of the writer, the conclusion drawn by Mr. Savage, in summing up his argument on the unity of things, "that there can be traced in the history of the universe, from the beginning until now, the progress of an intelligible purpose," does not seem wholly warranted and clear; nor does it seem to us that religion and religiousness in man are dependent on his knowledge of any such purpose, both of which find an ample, if somewhat shadowy, foundation in the simple sense of mystery. But perhaps this last inference is one for which the reader is alone responsible, and not Mr. Savage, who, in the closing paragraph of the same discourse, bases his plea for the continued religious life in man on the known facts of the present religious faculties and sentiments of mankind, and on the universal consciousness of some power or force lying back of all phenomena, which Mr. Spencer has explained in such a masterly manner in his doctrine of the "Unknowable."

In the discourse headed with the inquiry, "Is God Conscious, Personal and Good?" passing reference is made to Hartmann's "Theory of the Unconscious," and Matthew Arnold's "Stream of Tendency;" and the conclusion reached, that according to all our present notions of intelligence and will,—and accepting the "dictionary standard" of these terms,—we are justified in the belief that both are at work in the ordering of the universe, and not blindly and unconsciously, but consciously. Here again the reader may not be quite convinced, though the author's logic, as careful as it is fearless, leaves him little chance to refute his position, as indeed he could have no wish to do. The question of the divine goodness is answered after that method of reasoning employed by the moderate optimists, who neither deny nor depreciate the fact of evil, but make it the disciplinary stage to virtue and happiness. Personality, though not exactly defined, is explained according to Locke's idea, that the "central idea of personality is thought and intelligence." In the next chapter Mr. Savage begins by saying that

"man is in no more need of an infallible religious revelation than of an infallible scientific, artistic or industrial revelation," and we thus gather in advance the substance of his reply to the question which forms the subject of the discourse, "Why does not God reveal himself?" The titles of the two following discourses are, "Shall we worship Him?" and "Shall we pray to Him?" That is no true act of worship which is inspired by fear or any selfish motive. "There is no worship except that which is a feeling or expression of sincere admiration for that which is the object of worship." It then follows that every sentiment of pure aspiration, wherever found, in the songs, prayers, or labors of a man or nation, is an act of worship. Though Mr. Savage believes "that may be the noblest of all prayer which trusts so completely that it will ask for nothing," yet he sees in prayer both a defensible and reasonable act. The instinct of prayer is defended on the grounds of its universality, of the common need and great help to be derived from sympathy, and because "all life hungers." This discourse on Prayer is full of tenderly-suggestive and soul-lifting thoughts, but viewed simply as argument, it is, begging the author's pardon, neither more nor less satisfactory than many others which have preceded it, and are likely to come after it.

The most convincing argument the writer ever heard on this subject was put in the form of a brilliant analogue. As there is one single law of attraction by which even the smallest body in the heavens may slightly detract from its course the largest, so possibly there is a higher law of communion between the divine and human heart, and the latter is not altogether powerless to affect the former. According to this understanding, prayer may be defended not less as petition than aspiration, for however closely it may resemble the latter, it is essentially different from it. But the subject is one which the cold light of reason poorly illuminates, and the prayerful instinct in man is best accounted for when placed along side of a multitude of other sentiments and affections which have verified themselves in the long, slow processes of nature. But Mr. Savage has many a true and excellent word to say on this portion of his theme.

Mr. Savage introduces his volume very happily with a reprint of those apt little verses on "Where is God?" which it is to be presumed few "rationalistic" scrap-books have failed to preserve. The poet always gets a little nearer the truth than the philosopher, and Mr. Savage will not take it amiss if we say that his best argument on the nature and being of God lies in no one of the eight discourses, but in these singer's lines about the silly fishes and foolish birds, who knew not where to find the sea and air.

A word, more than a word, if there were room, should be said concerning the essay by W. H. Savage, on "The Intellectual Basis of Faith," printed in this volume, which is a clear and forcible presentation of the subject, written in an admirable style, by one who is evidently an earnest student and original thinker. The reader unversed in the method of reasoning employed by the author of "Belief in God," would do well to read this essay first, which in many respects forms an excellent introductory chapter to the whole, pointing out, as it does, the way by which the author has arrived at these opinions and beliefs set forth in his work.

SOME REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE
NEW REVISION.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

1. First, it seems inevitable that so large and important a work as the revision of the Bible, carried on through so many years by the united effort of all the leading Protestant denominations, must do something to make these denominations better acquainted with each other, and therefore to break down the sectarianism which in so many ways keeps them apart. Very plainly there are many things operating in our day, slowly but surely, to decrease the rigor of sectarian prejudices, and to make earnest and sincere religious men feel that they ought to be more truly brothers than they have been in the past, even if they do entertain different theological views, or prefer to worship God according to different customs. And among the influences operating to bring to pass this better state of things, I cannot but think that this great common labor of all our Protestant bodies of making together a better translation of the great book which all alike hold in reverence, will be found to have an important place.

2. Again. As one looks on and sees the Protestant Christian world agreeing to the need of a revision of the English Bible, to bring it up abreast of the scholarship and intelligence of the age, it seems difficult to avoid asking one's-self the question—How long before the very patent fact will be as generally recognized that *some other things* connected with religion need revising quite as much as did the Bible? It is a curious phenomenon that the Church of England—the very body which set on foot the movement for a revision of the Bible—about the same time, when the question came up in one of its great gatherings as to whether it should not revise its ecclesiastical and theological standards, refused to make such a revision, even to the extent of abolishing the damnable clauses from the Athanasian creed. It was confessed by many of its leading bishops and clergy that many things which ministers and people are compelled in their church services every Sunday to go on declaring they believe, a large part of both the clergy and the laity do not believe. And yet, when it was proposed to revise the Prayer Book so as to make its services and forms true to the convictions of men to-day, leaving out the things which a great and growing number of the most intelligent and best people can affirm only with a mental reservation, the proposition was promptly rejected.

And of the Presbyterian body, many of whose leading men have joined heartily in the work of Bible revision, it is also to be said that it has a Confession of Faith which was formulated almost as long ago as the date of King James' translation of the Bible, and which is seen by all progressive minds to be far, far behind the age,—a yoke of iron on the intellects and consciences of the best men in its ranks.

Essentially the same is true also of the Congregational Church. This body, full as it is of scholarship and progressive thought, yet goes on declaring over and over again in its great denominational gatherings, its adherence to the theology of confessions of faith written two hundred and fifty years ago. And so with regard to the Orthodox and Evangelical Churches generally; there is not one

of them that is showing the willingness that it ought to revise its creeds and shape its theology according to the light and the actual beliefs of to-day.

Now, why is this? Why should these bodies be so much more willing to revise the Bible than their creeds and confessions of faith? Are they coming to regard the latter as more sacred than the former?—Can it be possible that this needed work of Bible revision, which they are engaged in, will not ere long open their eyes to the still greater need of a revision of their theological standards?

3. Another thought. It seems difficult to understand how any one accustomed to trace causes to effects can fail to see that this new revision of the Bible is certain to strike the severest blow that has ever been struck, in all lands where English is spoken, against the current doctrine of Bible infallibility. That doctrine is pre-eminently one that rests upon authority and tradition; it stands well enough so long as men continue to believe without question what their fathers believed, and because their fathers believed; but, more than almost any other doctrine, it tends to fade away as soon as men begin to examine for themselves to find out what facts lie at its foundation. Thousands who had thought the old Bible perfect, will be startled by the revelation which the New Version brings to them, that the old was not perfect. Thus startled, and their faith in the old unsettled, great numbers will hesitate about putting their faith in the new. What reasons are there, they will want to know, for believing that this Bible now put in their hands is perfect? Their old faith broken up they will now want to know the facts—the facts about the Greek and Hebrew manuscripts on which our versions are based; the facts about how the various books of the Bible got written in the first place; the facts about the formation of the canon—facts, alas! which leave almost all minds that find them out, (except those of theologians), incapable of longer believing the Bible to be an infallible book. This revision of the Bible is a seed. The seed will grow and bear fruit—but fruit much of it very different from that which the promoters of revision have contemplated. From this time forward "scripture infallibility" is a cracked vase, even in the orthodox churches themselves. For a long time, of course, book writers, editors of religious papers, preachers, and Sunday School teachers will go on doing their best to mend the crack with the putty and cement of explanations that do not explain, of interpretations that interpret nothing, of special pleadings that establish nothing only the weakness of the cause which they attempt to bolster up. But the crack is in the vase, even for orthodoxy itself—the New Revision has put it there; nor can any possible mending do anything more than keep the vase together for a while. The crack means ultimate destruction.

4. Further. Will not the comparatively small (though some of them not unimportant) changes made in the New Revision suggest, and at no very distant day, other needed larger changes, in the way of expurgations, abridgments, etc.? On this point I will simply quote a very recent utterance of Prof. Swing, who is not given to extreme or wild speaking on such matters as these. The following is the utterance: "It so happens that all modern difficulties of any moment in the direction of

the Holy Scriptures are not difficulties with a rendering, but with the subject-matter, however interpreted. There should be in the new versions eliminations of whole chapters and whole books. * * A popular Bible should be at once portable and of fair, clear type, and to make this possible large parts of the Old Testament should be omitted from the editions of the future. The laws of the Mosaic State are the laws of a semi-barbarous age, and cast no little of their imperfection over upon the New Testament. * * The laws about women and slaves are particularly unjust, and their presence in the good book will always complicate the inquiry, What is inspiration? Besides the savage injustice in some of these laws, there is much that offends against the refinement of our more civilized times. No minister, no family, dares read aloud all the Old Testament." Of course this is in no way remarkable only in the source from which it proceeds. But coming as it does, from a man who still claims the orthodox name, and who habitually expresses himself with caution, I think we may justly take it as significant. Clearly it is a straw which shows the way the tide of honest thought in many minds is setting. Shall we not believe that the changes which our revisers have made are forerunners of other larger changes, such as expurgations and abridgements, sure to come within twenty-five years?

5. Finally. I think hardly anything has ever occurred that shows so clearly as is being shown by the agitation over the New Revision the essential superiority of the liberal faith over every form of orthodox Protestantism, in that it rests not, as they all do, upon parchments and texts, or a book which changes and must change, but upon the eternal foundation of nature and the soul of man. The whole English-speaking orthodox Protestant world is disturbed, as it perhaps has never been before, over a few changes in the words and sentences of its Bible. A large number of scholarly and influential men in all denominations are favorable to the revision, but a number, perhaps larger still, are either secretly or openly opposed to it, because they see in it an entering wedge for future trouble—an opening of the door to doubts, investigations and discussions regarding, first, Bible infallibility, and then, the doctrines generally of the popular theology which rest upon Bible infallibility, and which, therefore, must stand or fall with that. But amidst all this agitation what is the position of liberal Christianity? It is one of entire composure and peace. Instead of fearing the new light, the Unitarian heartily welcomes it, sure that the final outcome of truth is always good. Why should he be disturbed when to him Revelation is not a thing of a single book, but is all the truth of all the ages?—when he sees God's inspiration to be not shut up to a score or two of men in ancient Palestine, but something of all centuries and all lands,—indeed, when he recognizes it to be nothing less than "that Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." With such views of Inspiration and Revelation as these, Unitarians may well stand firm and unmoved, whether the winds of Bible criticism blow high or blow low.

A religion which transcends books, which is as wide and as old as humanity—which is native to the soul of man—which is man's natural upward looking and onward reaching—a faith, a hope, a devotion, a heroism, a consecration, a worship, born in the soul, and a part of

the soul's best self—this immovable and indestructible religion—this, and not a religion which, resting upon books and texts, can be shaken by any revision of Bibles, or other mere surface thing, is the kind of religion Unitarianism has planted its feet upon and is trying to build up on the earth.

May we not believe that the agitation which the new version is causing, and which must go on not abating but deepening until the revised *Old Testament* also is given to the world, and for a long time after that, will have this good effect among others, that it will open the eyes of multitudes to the insufficiency of the old faith which can be shaken by these things, and the essential superiority of the new, which in clear view of revisions and falling infallibility theories, can yet say, "None of these things move me."

The great lesson in religion that the world needs now to learn, and all the agitation caused by the new version will but help men to learn it the sooner, is, that no book, however great and loved and venerable, can ever be the real foundation of religion. Nature, human nature—God forever revealing himself in nature and human nature—these alone are the foundations that cannot be shaken. And that religion is to be the religion of the future that takes its stand most firmly upon these.

Conferences.

THE IOWA UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

DEAR UNITY: With the solemn hush that to-day extends from the Executive Mansion to the remotest hamlet of our land brooding over us, we must still be true to duty, and not neglect to tell your readers, as best we may, of our *Iowa Conference*, held at Des Moines, from June 29 to July 3.

It was our fourth annual meeting. We have never had "a tiresome, sleepy Conference." Such a gathering would be almost impossible in the West, where we have not yet attained *unity*, but are struggling towards it. With this banner of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" as our rallying point, we must expect much *attrition* with our *nutrition*, and our meetings are not likely to lack in sparkle and flavor. We do not assemble to change the foundation of philosophy or religion. We do not expect profound essays that are but the advance sheets of the world's great thinkers; but we do meet that we may come a little nearer to each other in our individual gropings for truth. We meet for fellowship, for comparison, which involves helpful friction. We meet for enlargement and for mutual quickening. Such a gathering necessarily leaves behind it in the community a train of light and warmth and helpfulness.

The benefits of this Conference to ourselves did not come through the precise channels we had anticipated—an unusual number of delegates, and an unusual amount of money raised,—the currents of life ran deeper. The Conference opened in the midst of the clamor and din of the gubernatorial contest; and in the first sermon the preacher was forced to pause while the noisy wave of triumph and gratulation swept by. A few short hours

and politicians paused with bated breath, while the preacher spoke.

It was an experience that can come but once in a lifetime, to have been present in that devotional meeting upon that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday morning, and there, in the midst of a quiet trust in God, and an unfaltering reverence for man, to have received that shock that sent its thrill of horror round the globe, making Empires quake and Republics tremble. Who that was present can ever forget the unspeakable power of Mr. Clute's up-lifting prayer, or the sublime trust of the hushed outpourings of full hearts that followed? And when, as we lingered, the second shock—*Dead!*—came across the wires, and Mr. Jones tried to give utterance to the insupportable pathos, slowly mounting, as on eagle wings, to those serene heights where the soul sees only that which is immovable and eternal, it seemed to us then that it were well worth while to have crossed oceans and continents to have stood on that *mount of vision* for that one supreme experience.

But we must not linger. As messages of hope flashed across the wires, we tried to pick up the threads of business and proceeded to plan for the future. We have been requested to give you a glimpse of our last year's work, through some extracts from the Secretary's Report. The Des Moines meeting may be summarized briefly as follows: We had four sermons. The names of those who gave them—Elder, Herford, Miss Safford and Jones—make comment unnecessary. There were three absentees on our programme—Andrew, Copeland and Mr. Lamson, and but three essays remained—one from Mrs. A. M. Swain on *The Evolution of Religion*, one from Mr. Ward, our Unitarian Dairyman, on *The Spirituality of Science*, and one from Prof. Church, of Lincoln, Neb., on *The Observance of the Sabbath*.

But with the great problem of "*How to Vitalize Unitarianism*" before us, the gaps were most quickly closed.

The wording of that discussion had been a rock of offense to some. The insinuation that Unitarianism needed vitalizing was a little humiliating. The one who plead guilty to the charge said: It was not that Unitarian conferences or that most Unitarian ministers needed vitalizing. ~~It was out of the glow of their intense vitality~~ that the problem grew. Why is it that all Christendom is not illuminated with this great light and gladness? Why do not these earnest and consecrated torch-bearers set the world on fire? A hint of remedy was offered in the stirring words of the old Prophet: "Oh! Zion! thou that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain! Oh! Jerusalem! that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength! Lift it up! Be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, 'Behold your God!'" And with the deep conviction that no man should ever attempt to *vitalize* others until he himself is vitalized, the speaker quoted, as a Gideon test, those cleaving words of our own revered Prophet: "The man who aims to speak as books enable, as Synods use, as the fashion guides, and as interest commands—babbles. Let him hush!" Unitarians have too long acted on the old adage, "The Lord helps those who help themselves." Let us make a new version: *The Lord helps those who help others.*

The outcome of the various discussions is found in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That greatly encouraged by the success of our missionary work during the past year, and as there are great demands for work in the same direction, not yet supplied, we recommend that as large a missionary fund as possible be raised for the coming year.

Resolved, That the I. U. A. pledges its support to the Des Moines Unitarian Society in the building of a church, providing it will not exceed in cost, when completed, \$6,000. And that the Western Unitarian Conference be requested to co-operate with the Association, and the Society at Des Moines, in this project.

Resolved, That we extend a cordial hand to the earnest band of men and women in Council Bluffs, who have organized there, during the past year, as "The First Unitarian Society of Council Bluffs," and that we will help them to the extent of our ability.

Resolved, That we lend a hand to all organized and unorganized efforts to uplift the life of woman, and that we look to her admission to the duties of citizenship as a most important factor in accomplishing this end.

Resolved, To lend both hands, strong with helpfulness, to the temperance workers of Iowa, and, regarding the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage as a great evil, which should forever lie beyond the pale of legal sanction, we heartily and unanimously agree to work for the prohibitory amendment.

WHEREAS, We regard freedom of thought and statement as absolutely necessary to the discovery and establishing of Truth, which is the conservator of all human interests; therefore,

Resolved, That each member of this Association, and each invited guest, has perfect freedom to express his own earnest conviction, for which he alone is responsible.

Some of our friends, hardly yet accustomed to Western harness, thought that it was a little superfluous to say all these things; that it ought to be taken for granted that Unitarianism stood for *all this and more*; that its scope was too grand and comprehensive to call for an endless repetition of these small greetings. But we Westernized workers know how eagerly those who give themselves wholly to a special reform look toward religious bodies and to organizations that are supposed to represent the highest culture and the best thought of the age for some word of sympathy. As a good beginning in carrying out the spirit of these resolutions, a *women's meeting* was held in the interests of the Women's Western Conference, at which most of the brethren were present,—a meeting full of quickening. One of its results, though not the most important, was a number of names and dollars for the general work undertaken by the W. W. U. C.

But to return to our Conference. Our Sunday services were held in Moore's large opera house, the proprietor generously donating its use to the Conference. The audiences were good, the one in the morning especially large. The opening services were deeply impressive. "Prayer, song and sermon were burdened with the Nation's sympathy." At the close of the morning service, the work of the Association was presented, and \$373.93 raised toward the next year's work.

THE YEAR'S WORK.

And now for our review. We will aim only to select some parts of the Report for 1880-1881 that are of general interest. Realizing the stimulus that comes from the faithful record of small beginnings, shall we summarize briefly our prayer for *Workers*?

At our last annual meeting this was the situation:—Mr. Effinger, our State missionary, had just left us for a pastorate in Bloomington, Ill., and the society at Des Moines was in a critical condition. Mr. Andrew had just said a final good-bye to Keokuk, after a stay of two years. Mr. Hunting, after seven years of hard work in Davenport, was preparing to take wing, quite probably, as we feared, from the State. Miss Safford had just come

to us as an *Evangel*, in response to our earnest plea. Mr. Cushing was already giving evidence that he had been ordained of God. We had in the State Rev. Joel P. Davis, of Des Moines, Rev. Robt. Hassel, of Keokuk, and Rev. W. R. Cole, of Mt. Pleasant, with their attention divided between business interests and "practical righteousness." There really seemed but *one* man whose name appeared upon the Year-Book, and whose whole time was given to the work of the ministry, upon whom we could rely as one sure to abide with us—Mr. Clute, of Iowa City. And so our most pressing need at this meeting seemed to be—*workers*.

Before we left Humbolt, the place of our last year's meeting, Miss Safford had applied for and received ordination, and a salary raised at Humbolt to secure her services for one-half the time. A week later, Algona had made sure of the other half. Rev. L. S. Coffin, for years an independent preacher and most active temperance worker, had promised us a hundred dollars' worth of work, at any points where it was most needed. And we already caught a gleam of hope that Mr. Hunting would conclude to lay himself on the altar of our Missionary work. A license to preach was given to Mr. Cushing. A period of anxiety and delay as regards Keokuk was most happily terminated in October, by the advent of Rev. E. S. Elder, from East Lexington, Mass. And his presence to-day, from the Keokuk parish, adds immensely to our faith and courage for the future. Early in September Mr. Hunting concluded to accept our Missionary work, with the privilege of concentrating his effort at Des Moines, if it seemed necessary so to do. Davenport wished to be let alone with its Sunday School and Sociables, until it should have paid off its indebtedness to Mr. Hunting, when it would be ready for a new man. When the arrangement was completed for Rev. John A. Clifford, of North Andover, Mass., to remain with them for a few weeks, with a view to settlement, Davenport received him with open arms, and responded with unexpected vigor; but yielding to the clinging embrace of his old parish, he left Davenport, disappointed though not discouraged. Early in the autumn, Rev. John A. Andrew went, as an experiment, to Council Bluffs. From the ashes of a former failure he raked out so much real life and vigor that the place seemed too hopeful to give up without an effort. Mr. Cole chanced to be there at an early stage of the experiment, and matters seemed so hopeful that he gave them the stimulus of a promise of the fostering care and help of the Association. But for this promise, we were assured, no organization could have been formed. And so Mr. Andrew remained with them and organized a society, known as "*The First Unitarian Society of Council Bluffs*." Our *one* minister who could give his whole time to the work, had in October increased to *five*.

At our November Conference, in Iowa City, Mr. Cushing applied for and received ordination, and was most cordially welcomed into the full fellowship of the Unitarian ministry. And so our number of workers was *six*.

Rev. J. N. Trask came to the State in the autumn, and after some experiment concluded to make a winter's trial in Burlington.

With rarest heroism and perseverance, he not only threw himself, but his not too plethoric purse, into the work, and "stuck" to his point with real *Eliot* tenacity from December till May; when he sent to each supposed parishioner a receipt in full for whatever sum he had been expected to pay, and withdrew most unselfishly to assist in the temperance work of the District.

Leaving the *Workers* for the work accomplished during the year, let us begin with this practical end, and say that these three ministers, Rev. W. R. Cole, Rev. Joel P. Davis, and Rev. L. S. Coffin have, during the last year, as heretofore, managed to sandwich the cares of a large and exacting business with this gospel of salvation for the fallen and tempted. Each having a parish embracing seven counties, with the duty of seeing that services are held in every school district, holding meetings each Sunday, after two services at points distant from each other, with innumerable week-day demands upon tongue and pen, and funeral services all through the parish,—these are some of the features of the wearing and self-sacrificing work which these men are rendering. It is work that brings neither salary nor applause, but to those who are faithful and capable it is its own exceeding great reward. Mr. Cushing's self-created parish has consisted of five small towns near Iowa City, forming a circuit—Riverside, River Junction, Whatcheer and Carrollville. Preaching in small halls or churches, with the satisfaction of having them well filled with interested listeners, in some cases being able to take two of these points each Sabbath, and so finding at these five points an aggregate audience of whose numbers many a city minister might feel proud.

Miss Safford has migrated between Humbolt and Algona, a distance of thirty miles, and all through the memorable winter, with its interminable drifts and heavy snow blockades, has never missed an appointment. Only once in the whole year has she missed a sermon, and that through illness in the month of May. She has sustained most helpful Unity Clubs in both places, and an interesting Sunday School in Humbolt. She has assisted in reducing the church debt at Humbolt, and made various needed improvements, such as *sheds* for the accommodation of the horses of country friends, who come from ten and twelve miles away when the weather permits. The universal testimony with regard to Miss Safford's work is that it has been eminently constructive and helpful.

Mr. Clute's work has been pre-eminently constructive and interesting, embracing, in addition to the usual Sunday service, two courses of Sunday evening lectures, a flourishing Sunday School, largely increased in interest by the introduction of Mr. Blake's service and songs, a Young People's Class for the study of Religion, continued throughout the year, and an Evening Class, continued for four months, for the study of Shakespeare's dramas. The church tower, which has stood for ten years unfinished, has been completed and paid for during the year.

Mr. Hunting took hold of Des Moines in September, with the disadvantage of an unattractive hall for meeting, and much timidity among the people. An eligible lot has been donated for a church building by Mrs. Judge Wright, and three thousand dollars subscribed

towards a church edifice. There is a very interesting Sunday School, a flourishing Unity Club, extending largely outside the society. Mr. Hunting, in addition to the morning service, has been preaching in East-Des-Moines, in North Des Moines, and through the help of Rev. Joel P. Davis and Rev. L. S. Coffin, has been able to preach during the year in Ames, Mason City, Fort Dodge, Adair and Perry. In Temperance work, and at suffrage conventions, he has been "instant in season and out of season."

Mr. Elder found a difficult yet deeply interesting field in Keokuk. With strong, steady hand he has been uniting the hearts of the people to each other and to himself, and is now able to report both progress and hope. He has been helping the neighboring society at Hamilton, organized by Miss Safford, and holds himself in readiness for missionary work during the vacation.

We must not linger longer in this field of work, not even allude to our Conferences in detail. Let us briefly summarize thus: During the year we have organized one new society, re-organized one with modern improvements. We have held two Conferences, one at Humbolt, one at Iowa City. Dedicated one new church, and ordained two new ministers. Your limits will not permit us to touch the subject of *finance*, and we proceed at once to the *lessons of the year*, which may possibly prove helpful to some other Western Conference.

1. For an indefinite time to come we must expect to be hindered and hampered by a very limited treasury, and must build our plans on this base. What we can do in this State will depend largely in the future, as in the past, upon the amount of self-forgetful work that each individual member can lay upon the altar.

2. We cannot rely largely upon Eastern men of the requisite ability to accept the salaries and conditions of our Western work.

3. The fact that a man is a "gentleman and scholar," that his intellect is clear and active, will not of itself insure success in the work which this Association has undertaken to do in Iowa.

4. Our greatest hope for the future lies in the acquisition of such young men as our Brother Cushing, and such young women as Mary A. Safford, and in this direction we look to-day with earnest prayer,—men and women who know the West with its peculiar needs, who understand people and affairs,—men and women with hearts a-glow with love and sympathy and helpfulness and with consecration deep enough to give themselves to the work with the assurance of only a small income. We could put to-day a score of such men and women into hopeful fields where such work would result in healthful and permanent organization and in a general up-lifting of the tone of each community. We want no "sounding brass nor tinkling cymbals." We want no shallow, sentimental and romantic girls, nor young men of mere scholarly tastes, who enjoy above all things else the leisure to read and think, and a regular place to air their views and speculations before the public; who for the sake of the respectability of the position, and the regularity of the opportunity, and the stimulus given to their studies, are willing to accept small pay and smaller

audiences. We want none of this. But we *do* want men and women who have "looked within the veil," who have "taken the universe into their souls," who have "fasted in the wilderness," and stood "on the mount of temptation." Men and women who have been "*called of God*," "baptised with the Holy Ghost," and who, through a great, yearning love for their race, are heaven-ordained Priests and Priestesses of the Most High. With such men and women, Iowa would blossom as the rose, and for such we send up our most earnest prayer!

July 6th. 1881.

MRS. C. T. COLE,
Secretary.

Notes from the Field.

SCOTLAND.—The Unitarians are to have a Centennial on the 13th of October next.

OHIO.—The Universalists have raised \$72,000 for educational purposes within ten years. Buchtel College has been entirely freed from its embarrassing debt.

CHURCH AUCTIONEERING.—The *Christian Life* (London) says: "Church livings are lessening in value. A few years ago £5,000 were offered for a living and declined. The auctioneer could not get £3,000 bid for the same this week."

VIGILANT ORTHODOXY.—The *Star and Covenant* says that Miss Mary Bowen has lost her position as teacher in the public schools of Danville, Ind., because she read to her school the article on the "Ark and the Flood," in Frothingham's "Stories from the Patriarchs."

ST. LOUIS.—The graduating class of the St. Louis University (Catholic) grouped their themes under the general topic of "Heroism." 'Twas an inspiring word to begin life upon, and the ring in the young men's sentences would indicate that the heroic days of the Catholic church are not all passed.

THE WISCONSIN UNIVERSALISTS, at their recent annual meeting, held at Columbus, discussed such questions as "Should ministers make charges for attending funerals outside of parishes;" "Church membership the normal method of a good life," etc., etc. They resolved against other than Universalist ministers in Universalist parishes, against Wisconsin divorce laws, and seemed to favor a wineless communion. The women raised \$300 for missionary work last year.

CHICAGO, ILL.—It was a tender and pathetic occasion at Unity church, in this city, when Robert Collyer stood up in his old pulpit, on the 3rd inst., to speak the commemoration word for his old friends, Judge Peck, Gilbert Hubbard and Eli Bates. The people and pastor of the church of the Messiah joined in the service. Mr. Collyer's face was a radiance that cheered and brightened our streets several days after.

—We rejoice to announce that Rev. Brooke Herford has, after mature deliberation, concluded to refuse the tempting call of the First Unitarian Church of Cambridge, Mass. Bro. Herford is to remain in Chicago, and will continue to devote himself to his Western opportunity. The Church of the Messiah closed for the vacation last

Sunday in a jubilant mood; and UNITY readers, as well as the members of the Western Unitarian Conference, will rejoice with them over this resolution of one of the most devoted and practical Western laborers.

—Chicago is groping towards its artistic life. The Saengerfest, though measured in the average Chicago mind more by its bigness than its quality, was an honest attempt to know real art in this direction. The Lydian Art Gallery, which was open for the month of June, contained at least one picture of real power, William Hart's "The Last Gleam," which, the newspapers say, is likely to remain in Chicago; and Edward H. Blashfield's "Roman Ladies taking a Fencing Lesson in the Gladiatorial School," is now on exhibition at O'Brien's gallery—a painting which ought to be seen for its historic as well as its artistic merit.

WESTERN SCHOLARSHIP.—*Good Literature*, for June 25th, contains some interesting information concerning A. H. Cummings, the author of a "Grammar of the Old Friesic Language," recently published by Trübner & Co., London, the only work of the kind now in the market. Mr. Cummings is the son of a Methodist minister, born in Pennsylvania, educated at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., and for the last twelve years has been in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad Company as a short-hand reporter, residing at Sacramento. He is now preparing a grammar of the Gothic language, and his library represents fifty-five different languages and dialects.

MIDSUMMER RELIGION.—The happy mingling of bodily recreation and moral and religious discussion in the various grove meetings, encampments, and so forth, throughout the country, is a pleasing recognition of two great laws of the Universe, viz.:—that change is better rest than indolence, and that "God and nature are not at strife." Such convenient encampments as have been prepared at Chatauqua, N. Y., Bismark Grove, Kan., Lake Bluff, Ill., Wier's Landing, N. H., and is now in course of preparation at Madison, Wis., are destined to become centers of real helpfulness. The Unitarians of N. H., have already identified Wier's Landing with the better side of their life; we hope soon to see the Liberal thought of the West settling permanently upon some grove city as its summer capital. Is there any more beautiful or more available spot than upon the shores of one of the beautiful lakes near Madison, Wis.

THE BROAD CHURCH.—The Boston *Advertiser* characterizes the Rev. Heber Newton, of New York, as "the most advanced and the boldest of our American Broad Churchmen." This gentleman has written a letter to George H. Ellis, publisher of Stopford Brooke's sermons entitled "Faith and Freedom." He says:

"In common with hosts in all churches, I have long known Stopford Brooke's sermons, and enjoyed their manly thought and fine expression of rational, reverent religion. Alike to those who sympathize with the action of Mr. Brooke and to those who regret it, this volume must have a peculiar interest. The secession of so distinguished a preacher cannot fail to intensify the discussion going on in every quarter upon what is happily expressed in the title of this book,—the relation of faith and freedom. It has been long an open secret that the Church of England, in its most thoughtful section, was rapidly reaching a position where it would become necessary either to justify the claim to a free thought as unshackled to-day as is found wherever the name of Christian is cherished, to save that freedom by going outside the pale of the faith as defined by the church. * * * Stopford Brooke feels compelled to go out because he can no longer clothe his faith in an ancient metaphysic,—

the metaphysic of decadent Greece and of the medieval schoolmen,—and feels that, unless he can do so, he ought not to wear the livery of his Church's creed. Characteristically brave and manly as his course has been, the question of its necessity and of its wisdom remains to be concluded. His case will stand for the great numbers in the various orthodox churches who stand where he stood, or are moving in the direction he took.

"His secession cannot fail, therefore, to focus the controversy which the Scotch, English and American churches have upon their hands over the growing Broad Church school of thought and its view of essential Christianity. In that controversy, this volume must be of great service. It ought to be read by all who care for an intelligent judgment in this matter."

IOWA.—Much of the last three weeks has been spent by the jotter in Iowa, contending with orthodoxy, moral evil and rain storms. On the 26 ult., in company with Bros. Clute and Cushing, we rode 18 miles from Iowa City and held a grove meeting in a hall, because the groves of Riverside were very wet. Jones and Clute preached in the morning, and Clute and Jones preached in the afternoon. Spite of the mud the audience was large and earnest, testifying to the good work Bro. Cushing is doing at this place. Our return was beset with difficulties like unto those which tried the friendship of Damon and Pythias. "The Old Man's creek" was rampant. Many of the bridges were swept away, and those left were reeling in the flood. July 3d, and the days immediately preceeding, we spent at Des Moines, as will be seen from the Report of the I. U. A., found in another column. We traveled all the way to Algona for the purpose of holding a meeting in Clarke's Grove, midway between Humboldt and Algona, on the 10th, where we expected to meet Bros. Hunting, Taft, Butler, and a host of others. But the weather was too much for the most stalwart Baptist, and we quietly crept back Monday morning on about the only line of railway that was left un-"washed" in the State of Iowa. All this has given us strange and hopeful glimpses of the coming Iowa civilization,—a State that will some day grandly mingle intellectual activity with material prosperity. At the Conference we had a manufacturer of wagons teaching contempt for outward standards with a heartiness that reminded us of Thoreau. One of Iowa's most successful butter-makers, who, after milking his cows, is wont to sweep the heavens with his telescope, was there to teach us the spirituality of science. A great breeder of premium cattle was there to champion the humanities. We also had the great pump man of the State, who, as might be expected, is terribly in earnest on the temperance question. There, also, was one of the graduates which the Iowa Agricultural School has furnished Boston as a Professor in her School of Technology. Here, also, the women occupy a more active position than in any other of our Western local conferences. Not only did I discover fresh excellence of the work done by Miss Safford, our only settled woman preacher, but from Mason City, Decorah, Eddyville, Fort Dodge and Mt. Pleasant came lady delegates, more or less schooled to public work, anxious to know what they might do towards making the religion of Iowa more reasonable; and the still more difficult task, the reason of Iowa more religious. A trip into Western Iowa always makes us feel very lonesome. The great vacancies, its long miles of lombardy poplar-trees, show how crude and short-sighted is much of the life there. But the era of the elm is yet to come, spite of her storms and her monotonous prairies.

The Sunday School.

"UNITY" SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS—SERIES VI.

Published by "Unity," 40 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THEODORE PARKER,

AND THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

(The references are mainly to Frothingham's "Life of Parker," under the abbreviation "Life;" and to Parker's "Discourse of Religion," Putnam's edition, under the abbreviation "D. o. R.")

Lesson XII.

PAX.

This was one of the favorite inscriptions on the martyr's tombs in the catacombs. It was the thrilling benediction of the age of persecution. It was the characteristic of Parker's departure out of this world.

1. The Last Scene at Home.

Jan. 1, 1859, he wrote: "It looks as if this were the last of my New Year's days on earth. * * * It seems as if I had just begun a great work; yet if I must abandon it I will not complain." Life, p. 504.

Jan. 2. The last sermon was preached with difficulty. The text was significant: "Friend, go up higher."

It was now apparent that he must abandon his ministry, at least for a time. His disease rapidly developed, so that he acquiesced in the arrangements made by his friends for an extended vacation. He prepared for the worst in hope, saying: "If I do not recover I shall pass off joyfully, with entire trust in that Infinite Love which cares more for me than I care for myself." Life, p. 506.

2. The Guest of Death.

He was resolved to fight the disease to the last,—not for the love of life, or for the fear of death, but for the hope of usefulness. Feb. 2 he sailed for the West Indies. Sick as he was, "At every stopping-place he went ashore with his note-book * * * to pick up bits of knowledge." Laid plans of work; dreamed of his parish, and, in imagination, called at the houses of the sick and bereaved.

Two Months at Santa Cruz;

he was busy writing letters, full of animation, and completed his book, "Experience of a Minister." "A sick man's work, written in tears of blood," he says of it.

All this time he was intensely conscious of his bodily condition—"He knew too much about himself for a sick man's good. His finger never off his pulse, * * * like a doomed man listening to the erecting of his scaffold." Life, p. 512. Yet all this time full of faith and resignation.

The 1st of June found him in London. There was a touching meeting with his old slave-parishioner, Ellen Craft. In spite of rapidly advancing disease, his immense vitality enabled him to visit places of interest and hear lectures—a task which would have taxed healthful tourists.

He however speeds for the Continent, sojourning in France, Switzerland and Italy, meeting gifted friends; able to hold his own in conversation; still the insatiable reader, the vivacious letter-writer, the penetrating student of persons and things. Life, p. 522.

The end was reached away from home, but mid loving friends. "Friendship did all that friendship could. Dearer hearts than those under the same roof with him there were not in the world." Here were old Boston friends and the friends of his household.

Self-estimate.—He views what he had done, what he wished he could do, and says: "On the whole, it has not been a mean life, measured by the common run of men—never a selfish one. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone." Life, p. 528. ♣

3. Last Thoughts.

"Most men dread *dying*, but not *death*."¹ He thinks "our present death unnatural" owing to evil inheritance and wrong modes of living. Here he abandons sight, the critic and the reformer stand aside, and he becomes the man of faith, saying: "If it were *fate*, it could not be borne, but when we look on it as providence," etc. Life, p. 529.

Indeed, "death seemed unnatural with such a creature." Is not the strongest suggestion of immortality found in the case of those whose vigorous vitality is abruptly severed? It looks like *eclipse*. *It is!* Read of the last journey from Rome to Florence.² The invincible will: "My bones shall not rest in this detested soil. I will go to Florence." Life, p. 532.

4. The End.

"Florence was reached, but barely. * * * He welcomed his last bed." He passed the hours looking homeward. Sometimes, in a half-conscious state, "his talk ran upon his old days and old delights." Then, in clearer moments, he would realize his condition, bid his friends farewell, then leap back again to something of his accustomed vivacity. The dying hand tried to write, and the ready tongue to recover its playful wit. "In these last days he was never petulant or exacting." The Sabbath had begun. His hold on consciousness was wonderful. Miss Cobbe visits him for the first time. (Life p. 534.) He rallies himself—"the veil was lifted," and Miss Cobbe had a glimpse of the man as he was in his prime." She says: "You have done much," etc. "I don't know," was the reply. "I had great powers committed to me; I have but half used them."

"At last the curtain fell." "On the 10th of May he fell asleep, so softly that the most anxious watchers saw not that the last breath had been drawn." As he said in one of these last hours, "There are two Theodore Parkers now: one is dying here in Italy, the other I have planted in America. He will live there and finish my work." And as the years speed, Parker will have his apotheosis. The denomination, the christian world, will see him as did his own most fascinated and loving friends. The mere incidents of oratorical vehemence, of aggressive heat, of harsh judgment, of iconoclastic zeal, will be

softened, until he is seen in the glory of his piety, his compassions, his self-sacrifice, and valor for the truth.

Themes for Conversation.

(1.) *Fear of Death.* Most men are ready when the dying-hour comes. Said an old preacher, "The boat is by the river-side; you need not carry me. Dying grace is for dying men."

2. *The Last Journey.* Miss Cobbe says: "His horror of the oppression and turpitude of the Papal government was so great that he could not endure to die in Rome, and made his friends carry him away to pass his last hours in a free country."

"As he passed out of the Roman territory, and saw the solitary tricolor waving by the road-side, the dying man raised himself feebly in his carriage, and lifted his hat to the emblem of liberty."

3. *Parker's Apotheosis.* This will be hastened just in proportion as those who adopt his philosophical conclusions and critical spirit foster also the christian consciousness which was in him, and the evangelical piety he experienced. Paradoxical as it may seem to some, taking his life and character as a whole, the best summary of him in a single word, is the word "christian."

They who merely adopt his speculative views, will come to look back on him with a patronizing air, as one liberal and enlightened for his times, they having gone on to a full surrender of their christian inheritance; but they who imbibe his love to God and to the ideal Christ, will salute him as saint and prophet—as one who taught them how to be both loyal to the christian development, (principally by his life,) while severely truthful about the source and value of its doctrines and its scriptures.

The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison street, Chicago.

LITERARY NOTES.

Roberts Bros. are preparing a new edition of Theodore Parker's Prayers, which is to contain an introduction written by Miss Louisa Alcott.—San Francisco has two Chinese papers, with a combined circulation of seventeen hundred. They are devoted to the elevation and civilization of the American Chinese.—Mr. Godkin, the well-known editor-in-chief of *The Nation*, has become the editor-in-chief and leading proprietor of the *Evening Post*, and *The Nation* will hereafter appear as the weekly edition of the *Evening Post*, retaining its old name but containing matter that has previously appeared in the *Evening Post*. Many of our readers will join with the *Literary World*, from which we gather this information, in saying, "We should deeply regret any decided interior changes in *The Nation*. Disagreeable as it often is, and sometimes unjust and unkind, it is one of the only two or three absolutely independent organs of opinion in this country. It is perfectly well understood that whatever other journals may owe to politicians, stock-brokers, publishers, private capitalists, and others, *The Nation* owes no man anything, and asks and offers no odds in its sturdy and fearless work of reforming American politics and promoting general culture. It rides 'a high horse,' but we should be very sorry to see it dismount."—Charles F. Richardson, editor of *Good Literature*, has been elected Professor of English Literature of Dartmouth College. So says the *Literary World*.—The Carlyle bequest to the Harvard library contains three hundred and twenty-five volumes.—The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says the publishers have sold ten thousand copies of James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions."

FORESIGHT—OR HONESTY.

The initial article of the *North-American Review* for July, gives the present aspect of the Indian problem from the standpoint of the late Secretary of Interior.

Its first sentence admits, as a fact too well known to require proof that the history of our Indian relations "presents in great part a record of broken treaties, of unjust wars, and of cruel spoliation." Its next utterance is that for these things the Government of the United States is not fairly responsible. In the making of "most if not all" the treaties, says Mr. Schurz, with engaging frankness, those who conducted Indian affairs on the part of the government were sincere; but "their foresight was at fault." It was not until the bargain was made, it seems, that the Government thought of breaking it. Of the Indian problem itself, and the events and criticism which have placed the Interior Department on the defensive in this and preceding articles, it is not desired here to treat; nor of the writer's plans for the future of the tribes which in the present condition of things may, for ought we know, be well enough. The startling feature of the article is the apparent utter lack of political moral sense in the writer, a fair representative, perhaps, of our Federal politician. Throughout its length there is no trace of a feeling that any positive obligation attended a Government compact. In his view a solemn treaty raises no bar against the encroachment of political expediency. After the oratory and fire-works to which we have treated ourselves, it is not a little humiliating to find that one's country is a convicted and unabashed liar; that "it has in many cases yielded too readily to the pressure of those who wanted to possess themselves of Indian lands;" that its treaties are in the light of all these facts *still made to be broken*. Nor is our satisfaction aided by the knowledge that it is only the weak that our great country persistently dares to deceive. Well do we know that were a well appointed navy riding behind the most flimsy of these treaties, our Government would square its action to the absolute line of international equity. It is possible that the ex-Secretary is joking in his statements that the Government is not fairly responsible, and our trouble merely a lack of foresight. It may be that a new humorist, as well as a new comet, parades the dazzled North; but if it be earnest, we sorrowful enter our dissent to sheltering behind any theory of official heredity. If these things are true, (and they are admitted) then we, individually, collectively and officially, are sinners in our own right, and not through lack of foresight of an official grandfather; the lack is not of any "foresight," but of modern moral grit, and there be those in high standing who cannot fairly claim that in our shame and responsibility for these things they are among us but not of us. C. H. R.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. By T. B. Forbush, Detroit, Mich. 1881. pph. 84 pages. 50 cts. Published by one of the author's parishioners. For sale by the Colegrove Book Co., Chicago.

This booklet contains eight terse and fertile chapters, entitled as follows: 1. "The Real Jesus and the Ideal Christ." 2. "What we Know about Jesus." 3. "The Story of Jesus." 4. "The Legend of the Resurrection." 5. "The Hebrew Messiah." 6. "Wonderful Works." 7. "The Manliness of Jesus." 8. "The Gospel of the Kingdom." We have read this book with great pleasure, and regard it a work of great practical value, giving, as it does, in a clear, eloquent style, the synthetic result of the

freest and most scholarly criticism. Mr. Forbush, in these lectures, has been able to do what the Unitarian minister seldom succeeds in doing when dealing with scholarly and biblical subjects, to-wit: leaving his chips at home, bringing to the people only the finished statue, the rounded result. This book is valuable for its frank admissions to the destructive criticisms of modern scholarship, on one hand, and the biblical claims of the supernaturalists, on the other. He concedes the uncertain and contradictory character of the record. He admits, also, what Unitarians and Universalists in the past have been too slow in admitting,—that in the gospel of John, the writings of Paul, and the apocalypse, there is found large warrant for the supernatural assumptions of the orthodox scheme. And yet with a vigorous and solid grasp he sets before us a conception of the man Jesus that is not only adequate to account for the large place that he occupies in history, but is still potent with moral and religious inspiration.

This book makes little display of scholarship, and is very free from erudite dogmatism. The reader is allowed to feel all along that some of the special inferences and minor conclusions may be unsound, and yet he has a growing conviction that the author is pursuing the right method. It is in the line of that constructive radicalism that is to save not only the Bible, Jesus, Christianity, but religion itself to the uses of intelligence and culture. The book is better calculated to do service as a missionary than anything we know of on the subject. It would make an admirable Sunday School hand-book. A series of twelve lesson papers, using this book as a background, presupposing its discussion at a teachers' meeting and its possession by the teacher, concentrating the entire energies of the school, superintendent, teachers, pastor and all upon the work, will yield far better results than a whole year's time spent in the usual elaboration of details and the microscopic study of the narrative. The book is replete with quotable sentences which our limited space alone excludes. It is manifestly the result of careful elaboration, such as comes by repeated writings. We hope to see this book assume a more marketable shape in a subsequent edition.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE JEWISH CHURCH. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M. A. New York. Appleton & Co. 1881. Price, \$1.75.

This is the latest attempt to "put new wine into old bottles." The new wine is the result of historic criticism in regard to ancient Hebrew Literature and Law. The old bottle is "God's great scheme of grace" for "His ancient church," to which the writer seems wedded. It is needless to say that under the strong pressure the bottles are hopelessly shattered. These lectures were delivered by Prof. Smith, at the invitation of many prominent Scottish Free Church men, in both Glasgow and Edinburgh, last winter, while he was suspended from the active duties of his professorship at Aberdeen University, pending the result of his trial for heresy. Their object is to bring before the Scottish public the position and principles of the new criticism. They present a fair picture of the growth of the Literature, Law and Religion of the Hebrew people, although the frame of super-

natural guidance and special covenant, in which that picture is intermittently placed, will be regarded by scholars outside the Scotch Free Kirk as somewhat antiquated.

Prof. Smith's primary thesis is, that this law and literature did not attain its present shape until quite late in Hebrew history. He discerns three distinct codes in the Pentateuch, of different purpose and scope, and adapted to different stages of the nation's religious and political development.

The first legislation is in Ex. xx-xxiii, and consists of a body of laws which gradually came into force during the times of the judges and early kings, when there were altars to Jehovah and legitimate worship on many high places, and Jerusalem with its temple had not yet become the center of the nation's political and religious life. This is the era of greatest national prosperity.

The second legislation came into existence after the building of the first temple, and was shaped by a desire to concentrate the true worship of Jehovah at the one holy place, which grew to be both a political and a religious necessity after the rebellion of Jereboam. It is recorded in the Book of Deuteronomy, and was first codified in the reign of the young Josiah, when Hilkiah presented him with the "book of the law," found during the repairing of the temple. But there are some things in the style and sentiment which have suggested that the prophet Jeremiah may have had the final shaping of our present book.

The third legislation is the Levitical code, as it exists in the books of Leviticus and Numbers. The first draft of this code was made by Ezekiel in his prophecy, but it was perfected by Ezra and Nehemiah after the captivity. This is an embodiment of priestly precedent, custom and desire,—is what the priests thought the law for the people ought to be.

Under this treatment the question of the age of the Pentateuch in its present form settles itself. The phrase "God spake unto Moses," becomes simply an enacting clause for each new regulation, a kind of legal fiction universally used, and universally acknowledged to have no fact behind it.

Prof. Smith's method is excellent, and he follows it carefully to substantial and satisfactory conclusions. If he sometimes states those conclusions in language which savors rather of the supernatural than of the historical school, let us bear in mind that the sugar-coating does not alter the efficacy of the pill, but only renders it a little less disagreeable to sensitive palates. T. B. F.

FRIENDS:—A DUET. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 255. \$1.50.

This new story of Miss Phelps is in her peculiar vein. Many will be delighted with it, to others it will have little or no interest. The principal characters are Reliance Strong, a young widow and as staunch a monogamist as dear old Dr. Primrose himself; John Strong, the husband, who though dead was an ever living presence to her, Mr. Nordhall, the friend of Reliance and John, who devoted much time to her business and consolation, though he sometimes "wished, honestly enough, that John were there to do his own consoling," the

mother-in-law, "who was not blessed with that perfume of character we call imagination," and Kaiser, the dog. The first three years the fair young widow wrapped herself in her weeds and seems to have ignored everything else save her grief, her mother-in-law, and Kaiser, accepting the devotion of Nordhall as a matter of course. "That a man should not stay at home from abroad for the purpose of calling once or twice a week on a woman who irrevocably loved and inconsolably mourned another man, never occurred to her" until Nordhall called to say good-bye on his departure for Europe. In the third year of her widowhood, Reliance Strong looked over the syringa bushes one day into the street, and remembered that there "was a world beyond the gate." After that she learned that there were others who sorrowed, and that there were sorrows other than death. First, like a true missionary, she began at home, and interested herself in "the grief that wrung Janet's blue calico bosom." Then there crept into her dress a bit of white at the throat and her philanthropy enlarged. As the white spread her desire to be helpful increased in due proportion until it reached a white camel's hair shawl, and then she nearly immolated herself on the altar of self-sacrifice. Nordhall watched over her until she became his one absorbing thought, though their conversation was mostly of John, and their desire to follow his wishes in everything. The heroine tries to maintain her *friendship* to the last, and yields with a wail: "Too bad! All a mistake. I wonder if it is always so,—if everybody that tries to be friends behave like this? If its *got* to fail,—if a man and woman cannot be all we tried to be?" and she thinks she should be happier if she only knew that *some* succeeded. No need to hint the sequel. There is a lack of genuine life in the book. You feel that they are book people, not real people; they are not strong, reliant people, whom to know and remember give strength to help us over the quicksands of life. The book is like a comely, well dressed person whom we chance to meet, who talks prettily on some commonplace theme and whiles away an hour with us pleasantly, then passes out of our life forever.

S. C. LL. J.

ENGLAND WITHOUT AND WITHIN. By Richard Grant White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 600. \$2.00

Mr. Richard Grant White's *Atlantic* articles on England, with some additions, are now published collectively under the title "England Without and Within." It is not a book of travel, but "the story of a semi-sentimental, semi-critical journey through various parts of England, in which what the writer thought and felt is told quite as much as what he saw."

That this story is vivacious, picturesque and entertaining follows as a matter of course, and as we might expect from Mr. White's pen; that its sentences are sometimes careless and faulty is also what we might expect, for has not Mr. White himself before told us, "I do not profess, I may say that I hardly try, to write good English." (Every-day English, preface, p. 12.)

Mr. White claims that in observing England he enjoyed unusual advantages from the fact that being constantly mistaken for a British-born Englishman he saw

his kinsmen, not with company manners, but as they appear among themselves. "Never was I," says Mr. White, "a Yankee of eight generations on both sides, so much at ease in mind and body, never, in one English word, so much at home as I was in England." ("Yankee," in Mr. White's vocabulary, means all people of English blood born in this country; "American" he calls a "vague, non-describing term," which, nevertheless, we note he finds himself continually compelled to use.) Somewhat of personalities of this nature might have been spared from the book without injury to it; we are called upon almost too frequently to share Mr. White's unmitigated and transparent delight in the fact that he looks like an Englishman, and that, though born on this side of the water, is of English ancestry, unmixed, and two hundred and fifty years old. But, aside from these and other slight blemishes, the book is enjoyable and profitable. It is, by turns, descriptive, historic, poetic or humorous, and always observant and discriminative, the various directions in which the author used his eyes, ears and judgment, justifying the title of the book. The chapters on "English Men," "English Women," "English Manners," and "Some Habits of English Life," are valuable as tending to correct some prevalent, but erroneous notions. In "English Skies" we have a comparison of the climates of England and America, altogether to the advantage of the former. It rains more there, but it is a rain so fine and softly-dropping, that the people habitually walk through it umbrella-less. There is comparatively little glare of the sun, and comparatively little wind. To this fact Mr. White attributes the English placidity of countenance. Americans find it necessary to go about with contracted brows, eyes half-closed, and faces set to resist the glare of the sun and the flare of the wind, and this facial habit produces the anxious, disturbed and struggling expression common to the majority of faces in this country. He observes that this look disappears from the faces of Americans dwelling for a time in England, but that it returns with their return to their own country.

One of the pleasantest chapters in the book is "A Canterbury Pilgrimage." Recalling the historic associations of Canterbury and vicinity, Mr. White says: "I had come three thousand miles to stand upon the spot where my people were born to civilization and baptized into Christianity. But for what happened here and hard by I should have been, not a savage, indeed, nor a heathen, because the world has taken all men on in the course of thirteen hundred years, but something other than I am, and I fear not something better. For me there might have been no Alfred, no Chaucer, no Wicliffe, no Sidney, no Bacon, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no English Bible, no Bunyan, no *habeas corpus*, no Bill of Rights, no English Law; and what a man is who does more than eat and sleep, and wear apparel out, depends hardly more upon the nature he has inherited from his forefathers than upon what they did for him. A man is a result,—result of forces which were tending toward him centuries before he appeared; a result over which his own will and his own work have but a modifying influence. And thus, sitting alone in Christ Church at

Canterbury, I felt that I was near what was for me, except as a mere animal, the beginning of all things,—certainly the beginning of all things good." A. B. MCM.

RANDOM RAMBLES. Louise Chandler Moulton. Roberts Bros., Boston. 1881. pp. 282. \$1.25.

An entertaining account of the writer's rambles in England, Italy and France. It does not aspire to the dignity of a book of travels; its alliterative title suggests its character—a quiet, restful book for these warm, *tired* days. There is none of the heat and hurry that characterizes most of such books, and there is a conspicuous absence of trunks and shawl straps. Doubtless the writer experienced the trials and difficulties attendant upon such a journey, but she does not obtrude them upon the reader.

Rome is seen in the glory of its carnival, with its brilliant illuminations, its music, its dancing, and its grotesque spectacles. You drink at the Fountain of Trevi, that you may be certain of going back to Rome some time, as you are sure to want to, because "it is impossible to go out of doors in Rome without seeing something grand and beautiful."

The Passion Play of Ober Ammergau is seen, and you wander about the streets of the quaint little village, with its saints, its madonnas, and its shrines, and before you have time to weary, you find yourself comfortably at home, without the inevitable sea voyage, which, however pleasant it may be in reality, is not always picturesque in its details of sea-sickness, etc. Besides the entertaining qualities of this little volume, one gathers bits of useful information, and it is most daintily gotten up, in the little classic style.

F. B. C.

OUR OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW. Buffalo, N. Y. pp. 65. Published for private distribution.

This memorial volume, handsomely printed and neatly bound, contains the historical discourse by Rev. G. W. Cutter, preached on leaving the old Unitarian church, May 16, 1880, and the Order of Exercises at the dedication of the New Unitarian church, Oct. 13, 1880, including the addresses of Dr. Hosmer, Revs. Frederic Frothingham and M. K. Schermerhorn. The volume contains excellent autotype pictures of the old and the new church, and of the four worthy ministers who have blessed that society during its fifty years of useful existence, namely: Revs. Dr. Hosmer, Frothingham, Schermerhorn and Cutter. The representatives of the Buffalo parish are scattered far and near throughout the West. To all these this volume will be a much prized souvenir.

Light reading, of a kind not so light as to be heavy, may be found in "A Study of Tennyson" in the *North-American Review* for July, a kindly and appreciative but, withal, tasteful and careful analysis of the poet's methods and work, from the pen of Richard Henry Stoddard.

In tracing the laureate's pathway, the reviewer touches upon his earlier production, which is pronounced "oppressive and irritatingly correct in form and expression," upon Lockhart and Wilson's adverse criticism, Coleridge's complaint that he could scarcely scan some of his verses, and the influence of these various forces upon the poet's later work. "The Princess" is characterized as "one of the most delicious poems in the world." "In Memoriam" has no prototype, and has no equal

among personal poems, while the writer fervently wishes that Tennyson had not written "Maud," and thinks that in "The Northern Farmer" and "The Northern Cobbler" he loses his perception of the beautiful which he worshipped in youth, and consoles himself with a determined devotion to character.

The Exchange Table.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

—Madam Guyon.

PROFESSOR MORSE sent the first telegraphic message, "What hath God wrought," from Washington to Baltimore thirty-seven years ago. In that time the forty miles of wire have grown to four hundred thousand miles in this country.—*Friend's Intelligencer*.

AMID THE TABLETS.—There are little episodes in life's experience which you cannot define, or say how it is they do affect you; yet they filter into one's heart, and tinge its blood forever. Such was an hour and a half, late this afternoon, in silence and half light in the great nave of Memorial Hall, Cambridge, the walls thickly covered with mural tablets, bearing the names of students and graduates of the University who fell in the Secession War.

Guard the tablets well, New England—aye, America entire! They do not appear in your census returns, or statistics of products, yet all the cotton and wheat, and all the mines of California, cannot countervail what those little slabs stand for.—*Walt Whitman, in the Critic*.

"WHAT IS THE CHAFF TO THE WHEAT?"—While the wheat of love remains what matter for the chaff of form and ceremony? We need hard blows, sharp trials, stern discipline, to separate us from the evil habits, the prejudices, the narrow beliefs of our youth. We learn by experience that we do not know everything. When we think we stand, we often fall. We are confident in our beliefs, our integrity, our strength of will, and then some terrible temptation, some bitter trial, shows us our weakness. In that hour, the outward helps of custom and our formal maxims are of little avail. These husks are rudely torn away. And then come the soft influences of the spirit, purifying our hearts of dead forms, and giving the deep, universal faith which alone can sustain us. Below all religions, we come to the universal religion—the religion of the human mind and heart, of which Jesus is the highest Mediator. We look up to God and

feel his love; we put out our hand and take that of our brother man. Then, in that deep experience, all things are ours—the essence of all religion, philosophy, duty; the substance of all faith; the hope of love which has borne up all prophets, sustained all martyrs, and given to life its beauty and charm. This is the wheat; all else, sooner or later, is seen to be only chaff.—*From Sermon by James Freeman Clarke, in Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

REST, AMUSEMENT, OR IMPROVEMENT.—Every reader should know the purpose for which he reads. Usually this purpose is either rest, amusement, or what may be called improvement. A boy or girl, tired by work in the shop or house, takes up Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book,"—that is reading for rest. Fretted by low marks at school, one becomes absorbed in "Swiss Family Robinson,"—that is reading for amusement. Eager to instruct the mind, you read Bancroft's "History of the United States,"—that is reading for improvement.

The three purposes are frequently combined. One may find in reading Macaulay's "Essay on Bacon," rest, amusement and improvement.—*Youth's Companion.*

MRS. BASHFORD, in an address before the "Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association," calls attention to the fact that educated women give an intelligent attention to domestic science, dress, and kindred reforms that argues well for the future. She says:

"The fear used often to be expressed that the homes must suffer by reason of Woman's increasing work in the church and in public charity and reform. To-day we know that the sweetest and purest homes are not those in which wives and mothers devote themselves most narrowly to their families, but rather such as are centers of ministry, from which women go out to labor for the community and to which they return with larger thoughts and keener sympathies to bless their immediate family circles."—*Woman's Journal.*

REV. BROOKE HERFORD, in an "after dinner speech" at Music Hall, said a word for faithful laymen: "There is nothing in my ministerial life that touches me so much as to see how there are everywhere some few brave, patient, strong-hearted men who never lose hope, who, when the minister goes away, stay on, and, if they don't like the one they get, don't talk of running away, but stand right there, and hold loyally to the cause. They are the ones who strengthen the minister's heart and help him to work on faithfully. [Applause.] Such a man I know. When we tried to lift the debt from our church, a man arose who couldn't do ten words of preaching, who never made a speech in his life, and said, 'Well, friends, I couldn't like the old church to go down,' and then the tears came to his eyes,—the sort a man pretends not to have,—and, if it should go down, I should have to go along the back streets all my life.' And I believe those words helped largely in saving the church. [Applause.] These are the men who are needed for the religious work of the world."—*Christian Register.*

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—The late Mr. Fields possessed a remarkable memory. His knowledge of English literature was so clear and available that he was often called upon to settle disputed questions of authorship. Several years ago a gentleman, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for a company at dinner, informed them, prior to Mr. Field's arrival, that he had himself that morning written some poetry and intended to submit it to Mr. Fields as Southey's, and inquire in which of his poems the lines occurred. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated he began: "Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late trying to find in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus—can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Fields, "and there were only

two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belong to the measles period, but the expression evidently betrays the idiotic one." The funny questioner smiled faintly but the company roared.—*Boston Journal.*

UNITARIANISM — ITS ALLEGED WANT OF REVERENCE FOR JESUS.—Jesus as a man commands, and forever will command, the love and honor of the race. The story of his life is one that the world will never let die. But call him God, with the picture which the New Testament gives of him, and we cannot but feel that we have degraded him; we have invited the world to look on only to say, "Alas poor God! how insignificant he is!" To read concerning a man that he went to a fig tree looking for figs and was disappointed at not finding them, or that in his earlier years he "increased in wisdom," or that there were certain things he did not know, is nothing degrading. But to read of a God that he thus increased in wisdom, was disappointed, and confessed his ignorance, makes us instinctively say, "How paltry a God!" For a man to pray to God is good. But for God to pray, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" is to act a part, and deceive. We cannot honor a God who would thus pretend. To find a man represented as sorely tempted for forty days, and having hard work to resist the temptation, is not strange. But to find a God thus hard pressed with temptation, shocks us beyond words. And so, with the Jesus of the gospels standing before us, I repeat, our very love and reverence for him forbids us, as Unitarians, to say that he was God. As God he is weak, contradictory, pitiful. It is only as man that he is great and noble.—*J. T. Sunderland, in the Alliance.*

THE MIGHTY FOUR.—Walt Whitman rises to explain. And now just here I feel the impulse to interpolate something about the mighty four who stamp this first American century with its birth-marks of poetic literature. In a late magazine one of my reviewers, who ought to have known better, speaks of my "attitude of contempt, and scorn, and intolerance" toward the leading poets—of my "deriding" them, and preaching their "uselessness." If anybody cares to know what I think—and have long thought and avowed—about them, I am entirely willing to propound.

I can't imagine any better luck befalling the United States for a poetical beginning and initiation, than has come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier. One of the four has already finished his noble career, and it cannot be very long before the lives of the other three must, in the nature of things, be closed. Emerson, to me, stands unmistakably at the head, but for the others I am at a loss where to give any precedence. Each illustrious, each rounded, each distinctive. Emerson for his sweet, vital-tasting melody, rhymed philosophy, and poems as amber-clear as the honey of the wild bee he loves to sing. Longfellow, for rich color, graceful forms and incidents—all that makes life beautiful and love refined—competing with the singers of Europe on their own ground, and, with one exception, better and finer work than that of any of them. Bryant, pulsing the first interior verse-throbs of a mighty world—bard of the river and the wood, ever conveying a taste of open air, with scents as from hay-fields, grapes, birch-borders—always lurkily fond of threnodies—beginning and ending his long career with chants of death, and here and there, through all, poems, or passages of poems, touching the highest universal truths, enthusiasms, duties—morals as grim and eternal, if not as stormy and fateful, as anything in Æschylus. While in Whittier, with his special themes—his outcropping love of heroism and war, for all his Quakerdom—his verses, at times, like the measured

step of Cromwell's old veterans—in Whittier lives the zeal, the moral energy, that founded New England—the splendid rectitude and ardor of Luther, Milton, George Fox—I must not, dare not, say the willfulness and narrowness—though doubtless the world needs now, and always will need, almost above all, just such narrowness and willfulness.—*The Critic*.

REV. R. R. SHIPPEN, at the anniversary meeting, Music Hall, Boston, said: "The best Church is forever that which best administers religion, which makes God near and heaven real, brotherly love warm, conscience mighty, life blessed, and produces best men and women. Shall not our Church lift the aspirations of womanhood to loftier aims than fine millinery and bric-a-brac, and show men with hands clean from bribery, whose unwritten word is better than legal bond, whose majestic integrity shall form the secure pillars of the Republic? Shall it not produce men and women whose fine culture and worldly prosperity, consecrated by self-sacrificing service, shall become to all the world perennial sweetness and light? Such a company of people would be to the old sects and to the unchurched million a winning attraction beyond all disquisitions of fine philosophy or fascinations of fine preaching. We recall the freshly converted old heathen king, who, on learning that his newly found doctrine consigned his ancestors to the flames, leaped from the baptismal waters, crying, "Rather will I go to hell with my ancestors than to heaven with bigots." The same story is given in modern version, when Father Taylor declared that, if Mr. Emerson were sent to perdition, the best people would migrate with him. Let our Church be filled with a company so warm and genial and sweet that the practical American will prefer Hades with Unitarian company before Paradise with the bigots left behind. Practical America will speedily make room for such a Church. Every aspiring young city would welcome it with the eager avidity with which it now sighs for its desired Music Hall; for such a Church, with a music sweeter than the harmonies of Handel or Beethoven, would renew the angels' song of good-will among men."—*Christian Register*.

BOSTON'S FINE SCHOOL BUILDING.—It has happened more than once to one or another reader of these lines that, on visiting an old friend who had built himself a new house, it proved that all the old comfort was gone. The new carpets were too fine to be trodden on; the satin chairs were far too fine for people to sit upon; the wax candles in the chandeliers were too elegant to be lighted. And the result was that the family lived in what the vernacular calls a "sitting-room," in the "second-story-back"—a little crowded if guests came in, and by no means as comfortable as they were in the home which, in their grandeur, they have abandoned. Among the first results of the enlargement of quarters it thus happens that a decline of hospitality comes on. Guests do not go where there is no provision for them; and, for all the purposes of a real home, the new palace proves less desirable than the old cottage.

The city of Boston finds itself in a position exactly similar as, under pressure of various sorts, it builds its palatial school-houses. The school-house costs so much that the city cannot afford to teach the scholars. Indeed it may happen, though one does not venture to say it aloud, that the school-house is so grand that we are afraid the scholars will hurt it. We are reduced, therefore, to the condition of the dandy whose umbrella was so fine that he had to leave it at home on stormy days; for nothing hurts an umbrella so much as rain, and nothing hurts a school-house so much as scholars.

Thus it is that we have built an elegant new school-house on Montgomery street. We like to have the world understand that it is the finest school-house in the world. The world may wonder more if we add, what seems likely to be the truth, that it is one of the emptiest. There are in it a number of rooms, variously estimated at from twenty to twenty-five, which have no pupils in them.

To old-fashioned people it seems simple to use a part

of them for the evening high school. This was the more natural because that school had been kept in the Old Bowditch, which was sold to pay for the luxury of the new building. But, on a simple question in the school committee to put gas-pipes into some of these empty school rooms, so that their empty desks may be used in the evening by four hundred pupils, whom the sale of the Bowditch turns out of doors, the committee determined that it would be cheaper not to have any evening high school. Just as satin chairs last longer if nobody sits on them, school-desks last longer if nobody uses them. So a vote passed promptly that the evening high school should be discontinued.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

LIFE MOSAIC.

Master, to do great work for Thee my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit,—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which Thou hast traced; or many—skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned;
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
Set each stone by Thy Master-hand of grace;
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple pavement give it place.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

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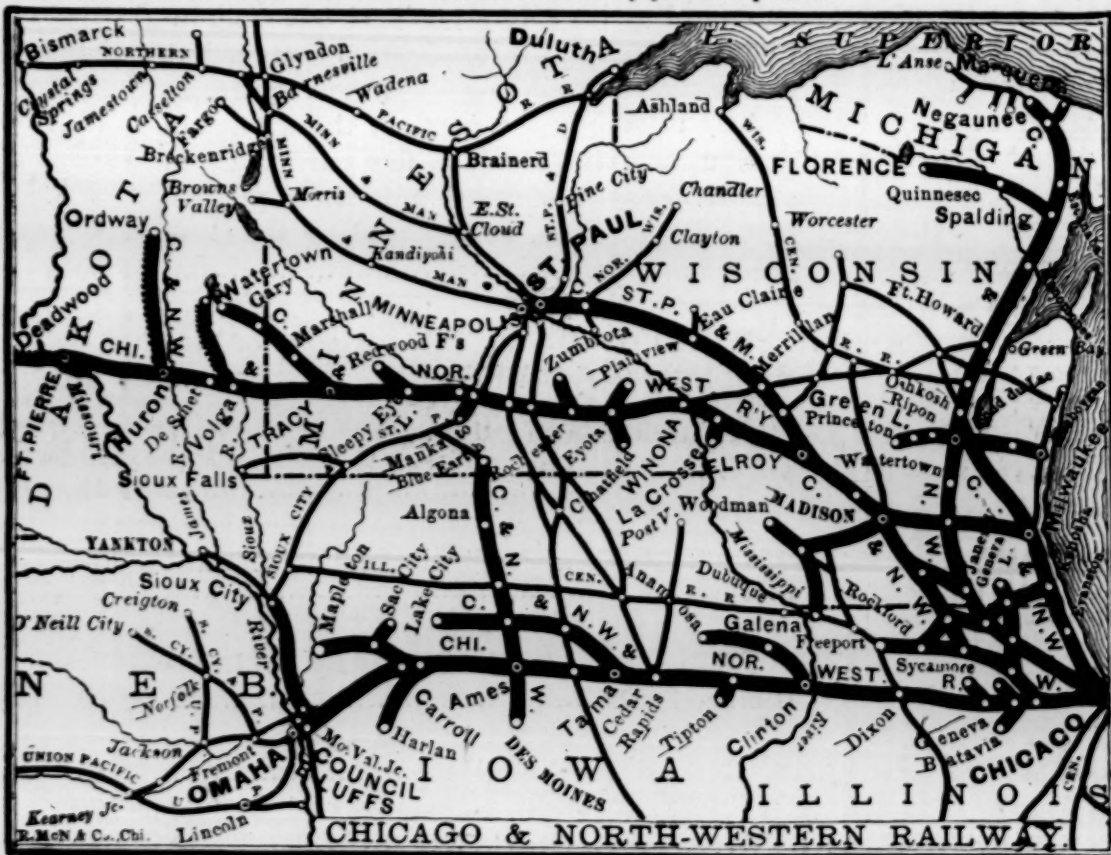
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